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Robt Davies 75a of York

THE Coffee-Mans Granado DISCHARGED UPON THE Maidens Complaint AGAINST COFFEE.

In a Dialogue between Mr. *Black-burnt* and *Democritus*; Wherein is Discovered severall Strange, Wonderful, and Miraculous Cures performed by *COFFEE*, (the like never heard of since the Creation.) With the names of the Persons, and Places of their abode, who were cured when left off by the Physitians.

ALSO

Some Merry Passages between *Peg* and *Cis*, two Merry Milk-maids of *Islington*, touching the rare Vertues of *CHOCOLATE*.

Written by *Don Bellicosgo Armuhaz*, to confute the Author of that Lying Pamphlet.

LONDON, Printed for J. Johnson, 1663.

A Dialogue between *Democritus*, and *Mr.* BLACK-BURNT.

Black-burnt.

WEll over-taken, whether now ſo faſt?

Democtitus. To ſee how that Book ſeels I Printed laſt.

Black. What Book is that, good Sir, you late did ſell?

Democ. The *Maids Complaint*, I hope you like it well.

Black. So well E'faith, that had I my deſire,
I'de burn thy ſelf, and Book in ſcorching fire.

Democ. I hope not ſo, for now I do recant,
And will its worth beyond Rich *Alegant*,
Or *Nectar* raiſe, ſo that the World ſhall think,
It is for health beyond all Cordial drink.

Black. If ſo you do, then will I raiſe five pound,
To gratifie thy worth in ſhillings round.

Democ. You are the Man Sir; Money is the Thing
That does a *POETS* Wits to Bondage bring:
I like your promiſe; now my Pen ſhall crack,
And raiſe thy *Coffee* higher far then Sack;
I'le cauſe the gods themſelves that drank before
Nectar, *Ambroſia*, thy Drink to adore;
Coffee ſhall now make *Bacchus* poor, and he
Shall beg, whil'ſt all his Cuſtome comes to thee.

Black. O happy is this day that I thee met,
Who was before near drowned in a Sweat;

Thy very promiſe made to me has cur'd
That Agony, which I before indur'd;
For now my gains will be a hundred more
By *Coffee*-drinking then it was before.

Democ. Give me your Money, and I will be bound
To make each penny that you gain'd a pound:
If that you do not by your *Coffee* get
More in a day, then I by twelve moneths wit.
For in its praiſe, ſuch worth declare I ſhall,
Will make your Drink Infallible to all.
All *Europe* ſhall believe (though black as Ink)
It is like Chriſtal; and no other Drink
VVill health preſerve, ſo that in time you'l ſee,
Your *Coffee*-Houſe ſhall never empty be.

Black. If it be ſo, here Earneſt take to day,
And Quarterly I will allow thee pay.

Democ. I thank you Sir, I hope you by and by
VVill ſhow the Cures, as they in Order lye.

Black. But firſt, a little to tell thee of thy Errors *Democritus*, for I muſt give thee a gentle Laſh or too for thy ambition ſince thy Planet-ſtricken brain caus'd thee ſo to abuſe us, and that contrary to ſo many Authors who have in Large Volumes diſcovered the worth of this Liquor for cure of all Maladies.

Democ. I know 'its good for the Dropſie, and thoſe that are not of a hot Conſtitution.

Black. But thou ſay'ſt again, that it is made of Old Cruſts, and ſhreds of Leather burnt and beaten to powder.

Democ. VVhy, to tell you truth, the ſcent to any reaſonable man will ſeem no leſs then ſome ſuch compound; Old *Hewſon* being a likely blind *Cobler* to plot any thing againſt the *Engliſh* to be reveng'd for his Exilement.

Black. But we can ſhew Patterns of the Berries to convince thee of thy Error. Then thou ſay'ſt we gain ten pence in the ſhilling; well we may, for if *Mountebanks* can take ten pound for what coſt but two pence; and it may be *Kill* inſtead of *Cure* the Patients; who would grudge a penny a diſh for their healths ſake for that which is *Infallible* for all *Maladies*. Thou might'ſt better complain of the *Long-Lane* Jews, who take 6. d. a moneth

for

for uſe in the pound, and a good pawn; which amounts to above 30 *l. per an.* beſide *Bill* money; and many times 6. d for an odd day if it lie above a moneth; nay, ſome of them 12 d. a moneth, which is 60. *l. per annum* beſides the *bill.*

Democ. I have an old black Cloake can teſtifie that well enough, for ſome of thoſe Moth-eating Cormorants have knaw'd as much *Wool* off from it in *Chater-houſe-Lane*, as is worth 25. s. when it coſt but ſix and twenty at firſt, ſo that it will hardly yield five groats in a forreign Country, if ſent for a Venter.

Now *I* would fain hear the rare Cures that have been performed by *Coffee*, as *I* may hereafter give a better account to the drinkers of that Liquor.

Blac. Firſt, *Benjamin Bad-cock* drank *Coffee* in *Layden*, and his Wife Mis. *Wood-a-mores* daughter of that Town remained barren four years, after which he left drinking *Coffee*, and in three quarters of a year ſhe had a goodly chopping boy.

Democ. I confeſſe then it is better for barrenneſs, then againſt it.

Black. Anthony Lamley of *White-chappel* being troubled with a *Priapiſmus* a long time, drank *Coffee*, after which he had nothing ever ſeen to ſtand but his Ears.

Democ. This is alſo *Probatum Eſt*, *I* was not ſo good a Doctor before. But have you any more.

Black. Yes, *Helſen* a Leather-weaver in *Dalmacia* was troubled with a Conſumption four years, and fell to *Coffee* a long time, by which he was ſo cured, that his pocket was as bare as a Birds-arſe.

Democ. I profeſs my Cloak is e'ne ſick of the ſame diſeaſe, and *I* think as well cured it is alſo *Probatum Eſt.*

Black. Another nam'd *Richard Banco* of *Catolongo* lay of a dead *Paſie* three years, and drinking *Coffee*, was ſo perfectly cur'd, that the next day he was ſeen to go throrow the High-ſtreet upon 4. mens ſhoulders, to the admiration of his Neighbours who had not ſeen him ſome years before.

Democ. This is a ſtrange cure, but *I* ſuppoſe he was ſome great Gyant, in regard he went upon four pair of Legs.

Black. Another cal'd *Calobra* in *Spantego*, was troubled with a dimneſs of ſight, and drinking *Coffee*, an hour after he broke

broke his Faſt with a Meſs of *Milk*-Pottage, and the white of his Eyes drop't into the diſh.

Democ. I ſhould not with mine there, though his Cure was *Probatum Eſt.*

Black. *Anne Marina* of *Rotterdam* was troubled with a Corn on her upper Lip, the more it was cut, the bigger it grew, ſo that ſhe at the laſt drank *Coffee*, and the Corn dropt into the Diſh as ſhe held it to her mouth, as clean as an *Acron* out of the *Shell.*

Democ. I ſhould like this Cure beſt, if *Coffee* would bring the Corns ſo eaſily from my Toes.

Blac. In *Spellantego*, *Johannes Delmonack* drank Coffee for the *Morbus Gallicus*, and the bridge was ſo dry'd, that (as he lay a ſleep at night with his mouth open) his Noſe dropt in and choackt him.

Democ. This was a rare Cure, but for that trick Ile have mine ſow'd on faſter.

Black. One *Roſe Bulborne* being troubled with the blew *Jaundies*, and drinking *Coffee*, took her bed, turn'd black, and the Searchers coming the next day to view her, inſerted her in the Clerks book, to be put in the *Bill of Mortality* the next week.

Democ. This was a ſtrange cure, and I wonder the *Dyers* do not prove good cuſtomers to you, for there's but little good *Black* in *England.*

Black. *Theodore Flaſhbooth* of *Lime-houſe* being ſtopt with flegm, drank *Coffee* till he was ſo dry'd up, that an unskilful *Mountebank* gave order to let him blood, inſtead of which iſſued forth duſt and vapour, that he was ſmother'd to a perfect cure. And is intended to write a book in praiſe of *Coffee*, which when publiſht, will cauſe much admiration to the Reader.

Democ. I ſhall buy one of thoſe books to increaſe my Library; but theſe are cures I never heard of before. I know *Coffee* is good for ſome things, but not for hot bodies.

Black. For moſt diſeaſes it is good, though not for Conſtitutions that are dry and hot.

Democ. What, have you no other Liquor but *Coffee*?

Blac. Yes, we have *Bracket*, *China-Ale*, and pure *Cider.*

Demo. Truly thoſe Liquors are admirable, I could live
In a ſpring from whence ſuch Liquor flowes,
Although I had but room for Mouth and Noſe.

Black.

Black. But what sayst thou to *Chocholate*?

Democ. I like that well for Lads and Lasses, therefore I'le leave it to them to dispute of.

Come Mr. *Black-burnt* let's no longer stay,
Yonder comes *Pris* and *Cis*, let us away.

Blac. Democritus I thank thee for thy pain
We'l leave the Milk-maids in a merry strain.

Democ. The Maids by me shall never be perplext,
I know that *Chocolate* is their Text.

Cis. Well met honest *Peg*; whether away so fast.

Peg. I'am going to Old *Bullocks* to speak with his man *Roger* that I may hear what news he brings from the *Coffee*-House.

Cis. Fogh, *Coffee*-House, what, doth he drink that black, nasty, Hel-burnt Liquor. he'l ere long bring himself to nothing as our Man *Tom* has done already.

Peg. No, he drinks *Chocolate*, which is a rich drink indeed; 'twil make him as strong in the back as a *Lion*; he's as nimble as a Squirril, as brisk as a body-Lowse, and as lively as an Eel, only by the vertue of that Liquor; i'ts a brave pleasant Liquor, for I have drank of it my self.

Cis. Prethee *Peg* tell me what manner of Liquor that is?

Peg. Marry such Liquor as would make your teeth water to tast it, for I'am sure it made me come too't so lustily, that I shall never forget it.

Cis. Thou makst me long for some of that, what is it made off?

Peg. Efaith *Cis*, its made of good new Milk (with which I serve a *Coffee*-house every day) which is well boyld with yolks of Eggs, store of Sugar, and a dainty sweet tasted thing called *Chocolate*. *Cis.* Marry *Peg* that can't chuse but be good indeed.

Peg. I have found it so, to the cost of poor *Roger*, and some pain to my self, but sweet meat must have sowre sawce.

Cis. Prethee *Peg* tell me the whole story. *Peg.* In truth Ile deal plainly with thee; our man *Roger* after dinner about this time twelve moneth perswaded me to go to a *Coffee-house*, where we drank store of this *Chocolate*, and in the afternoon going towards *High-berry-barn* to milk the Kine, I met *Roger*, who was grown so lusty by the vertue of that Liquor, that he gave me a green gown, tumbled me on a bank, and after some amorous kisses, I could not deny any courtesie he desired: so that

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at last (like a mettlesome Lad) he stole away my Maiden-head, which to my sorrow proved a Timpany in my belly, & in three quarters of a year I fell in Mother Midnights hands, and was cured of the Tinpany, which had two Legs, and lies now at *Rogers* charge, ten *shillings* a moneth, besides *Blankets*, *Linnen*, and *Cradle*; but yet he is so kind, continuing at this Liquor, that I have little cause to repent my bargain, in respect of his Love and Loyalty.

Cis. Say'st thou so *Peg*, Efaith Ile see what I can do to perswade our *Tom* to leave *Coffee*, and drink *Chocolate*, that I may enjoy a little of the blessing other Maids have, though I sell one of my Fathers Cows to draw him too't.

Peg. And so i'ts best dear sister *Cisly* try,
Although you by the walls a moneth do lye.

Cis. The charge shall lie upon my Fathers score,
Though, when I've try'd, I lie a moneth or more;
I've now learn'd wit, the thanks Ile give to you,
And till we meet again, *dear Cis*, adieu.

In Answer to the Postcript of the supposed Mountebank DEMOCRITUS.

DEmocritus *was drowsie when he writ*
In Dialogue, the Fragments of his Wit,
If not asleep, or else he would have sought,
And found these Cures that were by Coffee *wrought*;
Both for the Palsy, Madness, Morbus, Ptisick,
So that they'l need no Mountebank or Physick
For Gout *or* Scurvy, *it doth do no less*
For Jaundies, Timpany, *and* Barrenness,
Which are in order in this Treatise writ,
To prove Democritus *besides his wit.*
He often Writeth of the Stigyon *Lake*,
As though he would to Hell a Voyage make,
Old Charon *can* (*for's Labour*) *grant no more*,
But quit a penny for his passage ore:
Thus to confute him, if this will not do,
Ile pawn my Coffee-House *and* Coffee *too*,
Till when, Democritus *I bid farewell*,
I'le to my Chamber, you or'e STIX *to* HELL.

FINIS

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87 **Coffee Houses.** — The Coffee-Man's Granado discharged upon the Maiden's Complaint against COFFEE, in a Dialogue between Mr. Black-burnt and Democritus, wherein is discovered severall Strange, Wonderful, and Miraculous Cures performed by Coffee; also some Merry Passages between Peg and Cis, two merry MILK-MAIDS of ISLINGTON, touching the rare Virtues of Coffee, by Don Bolicosgo Armuhaz. 4to, *half morocco*, £. . 1663

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ON THE HISTORY OF COFFEE,
TEA AND CHOCOLATE
BELONGING TO
HENRY W. MONTAGUE
GIVEN IN HIS MEMORY
23 May, 1942

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